

# The Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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## TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
At Two Dollars a Year,  
Payable in Advance.  
No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the cash.  
Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.  
Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.  
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.  
Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

## The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1868

Brigham Young is among the big-brothers to carry the mails between the eastern and western termini of the Pacific Railroad.

An ex-Confederate Captain, who once swore a solemn oath never to take a Federal prisoner alive, is now one of the Grant electors in Alabama.

Houston, Texas, now boasts a sculptor. His name is Evans and he is said to be a genius.

The negroes Kennedy and Gardner have been indicted before the New Kent County Court, in Virginia, for murder and arson.

Reagan, late Postmaster-General of the Confederate States, is writing very long and very dull letters on the political situation to the Houston Telegraph.

A son of Mr. James Bailey, of Greenwood, near Charleston, S. C., was playing about a furnace last Monday when he accidentally slipped into the seething caldron up to his waist. He lingered until next day in great agony, when death relieved him.

The Commissioner of Pensions estimates the requirements of his Bureau for the next year at twenty-three and a half millions. On June 30th there were over one hundred and sixty-nine thousand names on the pension rolls.

A young sewing girl in St. Louis, while in the act of retiring to rest a few nights ago, accidentally knocked over a coal-oil lamp which exploded and set fire to her dress, burning her horribly and causing her death a short time afterwards.

The Petersburg Express learns, from reliable authority, that a large oak tree in New Kent county has died from a radical bill being posted on it. It was green and flourishing when the bill was posted, but in two or three days commenced withering and finally died.

An exchange says that scientific men have been taking observations and making comparisons with other seasons, and have given their opinion that the coming winter will set in sooner and be longer and more severe than any which have preceded it for many years.

The President proclaims the 26th of November as a day for thanksgiving and prayer. The proclamation says:

"We are permitted to hope that the long protracted political and sectional dissensions are at no distant day to give place to returning harmony and fraternal affection throughout the Republic."

Some white laborers in Maury county attempted lately to frighten away some darkies who were working for less wages, and adopted the Kuklux regalia in order to do so. The genuine riders of the night hearing of the affair captured all the sham Kukluxes and took them to the woods, where, after destroying their regalia, they gave the leader a terrible castigation with a stout strap, and then released them all, with hints about swinging them to a limb next time.

An editor gives his opinion in the following terms: "A talkative woman is one of the most agreeable companions in the world—the soul of society. We like to hear a sprightly woman talk so incessantly that you can't get a word in edgeways. It frees you from embarrassment, promotes sociability, and gives you heart to slip in a soft saying or so, whenever such a thing is possible; whereas silence is a bore not to be endured, breeding awkward embarrassment and restraint. Give us a woman who knows how to talk."

## Short Paragraphs.

How often do you knead bread? asked one housekeeper of another. I might say that we need it continually, was the reply.

A clergyman, after marrying a couple, made a prayer over them concluding with "Lord forgive them, they know not what they do."

An Irishman catching sight of an advertising card got up to resemble a gold piece on one side made a grand rush for it. Turning it over he exclaimed, "Be gorra when I first saw that I thought that Seymour and Blair was elected sure."

A worthy couple when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave this explanation: "When we began life together we worked hard and lived upon porridge and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able at length to dine off a bit of roast beef, but as for our son Jack he worked backward, beginning at the roast beef first."

"Friend Malaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in a church." "So I am," said Friend Obadiah, "but then if thee will worship the Lord with machinery, I want thee to have a first-rate instrument."

Why is the letter R very unfortunate? Because it is in trouble, wretchedness and misery, it is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence or love.

As soon as they began to talk about running John Allen for Congress, he gave up his religion and declared his determination to re-open his dance-house. He is not fool enough to suppose that he would find any use for religion in Congress.

The champion musquito has been found in New York. It is something like an inch long.

Sambo bought a patriarchal turkey. "I took him home," said he, "my wife bile him three hours and den him crow. My wife den pop him into de pot wid six pounds of taters and he kik 'em all out; he mus a bin as old as dat Mefosolum."

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagabonds, by way of illustration remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

A negro had a severe attack of rheumatism which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it and rubbed it, and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandage, he stuck out his foot, and shaking his fist over it exclaimed: "Ache away den ole fellow; ache away! I shan't do no more for you; dis chile kin stand it as long as you kin; so ache away!"

A young lady in Richmond recently paddled a would-be burglar so severely with a press-board that it is thought he will be unable to sit down for some time. She found the intruder under her bed, and seizing the press-board, accelerated his movements considerably.

A conductor of a newspaper, speaking of a contemporary, says: "He was formerly a member of Congress, but gradually rose until he obtained a respectable position as an editor; a noble example of perseverance under the most depressing circumstances."

A Hibernian, gazing at a knitting machine, delighted at the rapidity with which it made stockings, exclaimed: "Be jabbers but that is the first machine I ever saw that made legs for children's stockings." The boy who ran the machine informed him that it didn't make legs for children's stockings, but stockings for children's legs.

A gentleman in the habit of entertaining very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating sometimes before grace was said, and determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

"Pa, you whipped me for biting Tommy and you ought to whip sister's music master, too. He bit sister, yesterday afternoon, right on the mouth, and I knew it hurt her because she put her arms round his neck and tried to choke him."

## New Postage Stamps.

In June last Postmaster-General Randall advertised for proposals for furnishing the Government with postage stamps for a term of years. The committee of experts appointed for the purpose decided in favor of the National Bank Note Company, of New York, and on Saturday last the Postmaster-General awarded the contract to that company for a term of four years.

The two-cent stamp represents a boy on a horse running at full speed, illustrating the fact that this stamp is mostly used for dispatch letters.

On the three-cent stamp there is a finely engraved locomotive. This is surrounded by lines of lightning, indicating the speed with which letters are carried on which this stamp is used.

The five-cent stamp has an excellent portrait of Washington.

The ten-cent stamp has an excellent microscopical copy of the painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, bringing in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

The twelve-cent stamp, mostly used for foreign postage, has a picture of a steamer at sea.

The thirty-cent stamp has a copy of a painting of the surrender of Burgoyne, hanging in the rotunda of the Capitol. One of the characteristics of the stamps manufactured by this company is that the ink used prevents persons washing and using the stamps a second time. The fibre in the centre of the stamp is broken completely, and they adhere better, while the ink of cancellation sinks into the paper.

The engravings on these stamps are remarkable copies of historical pictures, and bear the test of microscopical examination.

## Texas.

An intelligent gentleman, who has lately been abroad in Texas, as agent for a literary institution, writes us that he did not see a lawless or violent human biped, nor a dead man, nor a spot of blood, nor a robber, nor a scarecrow, all the way round; nor did he see or handle a single grain of gunpowder. He has made up his mind that no country can excel Texas for beautiful streams, cool, gushing springs, great herds of cattle, great crops of grapes and peaches, big cabbages and big crops of corn and cotton. Everything to eat is wonderfully abundant, and the promise of better times is cheering and universal. Very naturally his inference is, that the people ought "to spread themselves and send their children to school." We agree with him.—*Galveston News.*

## A Distant Relation.

An incident occurred some time ago at Cincinnati, on board the steamer Buckeye, just as she was about to depart for New Orleans.

A tall countryman, carrying a pair of saddle-bags on his arm, and covered with perspiration, and who looked as though he couldn't tell his head from a bunch of shingles, rushed into the cabin, calling at the top of his voice:

"What is Colonel McIntosh? Is Colonel McIntosh on the boat?"

No one answered.

"Well, then, what is the cap'n? I must see Colonel McIntosh."

On being informed that the captain was on the hurricane deck our inquiring friend passed through the crowd in that direction.

"Haul in the planks and above her off!" sounded in his ears just as he reached the deck.

"Stop her, Cap'n—stop her! I am not going to New Orleans."

"Run out the plank! Ashore with you then, quick!" shouted Captain Hartshorn.

"I say, Cap'n, I want to see Colonel McIntosh. I must see him."

"I don't know him sir," quickly answered the old sea dog. "We can't wait, sir—go ashore. Haul in the planks."

"Oh, Cap'n, I must see the Kernal—he's a distant relation of mine, and I never saw him in my life."

Now Captain H. is a warm-hearted man as everybody knows. The last appeal touched his feelings, and he kindly inquired:

"How near of kin are you to the gentleman that you are seeking?"

"Why, Cap'n, he's the father of my first child."

From the Democratic Press.]

## In the Wrong Bed.

A night or two ago an interesting event occurred at one of the hotels in Pittsburgh. A young lady from a neighboring town went to the city for the purpose of meeting her betrothed, getting married, and going to the West to settle there. She was accompanied by her brother, who was to act as groomsmen, and her lover's sister, who was to be bridesmaid. The intended husband not arriving in time, the young ladies arranged that they should occupy the same bed-room adjoining that of the bride's brother. Having traveled all the night before, the bride and her brother being worn out, retired at an early hour, with instructions to their companion, whom they left reading in the ladies' parlor, not to make a noise when she came to bed, as they did not want to be awakened out of their sleep. The young lady getting interested in her book, sat up to a late hour. At last, getting drowsy, she slipped off noiselessly as possible to her room, and quietly retired, as she supposed, to the bed occupied by her sister-in-law, and nestling close up along side under the blankets, was soon sound asleep. Happening to wake before her companion, she put her arms around, as she supposed, the bride's neck, commenced kissing her and calling her sweet sister and other endearing names peculiar to the softer sex.

In a moment her kisses were paid back with interest, and she found two stalwart arms encircling her fair form, and instead of the bride's, she was in the bride's brother's arms. She had mistaken the room. Here was a dilemma, and not knowing how to explain, she commenced sobbing as if her heart would break, which awakened the bride, who came to the rescue. The young man, however, refused to let her go, saying that fortunate accident had given him a prize, and he was determined not to lose it, and on one condition only would he release the young lady from his grasp, and that was that she would put her arms around his neck and kiss him, and promise to become his wife at the same time his sister became the wife of her brother. He said that he had long loved her and intended to ask her that day for her hand, and thanks to an accident, he had now a much better opportunity than he could ever hope for again. The young lady, seeing no alternative, finally surrendered, threw her arms around the man's neck, and sealed the bargain with a kiss, when the young man covered up his head and she retired to his sister's room a promised bride. She enjoined secrecy upon the brother and sister, but the thing was too good to keep. Immediately after getting breakfast, they dispatched the landlord for a minister, who soon came and made the indissoluble knot.

As soon as the minister got through the groomsmen and bridesmaid astonished the company by taking the places of their brother and sister, and requested the minister to repeat the performance, which he did in less time than it takes to tell it. "What's the meaning of all this?" asked groom No. 1, who seemed to be agreeably surprised by the scene just enacted. His new-made wife, now smiling all over, related to the whole company the incidents of the past night. Groom No. 2 said it was all right; he did not care how many stories sister told; that he was the happiest man alive, and if his wife had shed tears that morning, they were the last she should shed, unless tears of joy, if he could prevent it; and she looked up at her husband, said she would never cry again, when he put his arms around her, for now he was her own darling husband. The afternoon train, instead of one, carried two happy couples to homes in the West.

CURIOUS OPTICAL EFFECT.—Two straight lines, placed in relation to each as indicated in the diagram, seem greatly unequal in length, although they are exactly equal. We have tried the illusory experiment a hundred times on as many different persons, and they have invariably pronounced the perpendicular line much the longest. We can give no other explanation for this effect, than that the perpendicular line and horizontal line meet in the center. Will any one give a more satisfactory solution? [Exchange.]

George Francis Train says that General Charles Halpine wrote the Craven Jefferson Davis book in nine days.

## What We Pay.

Brick Pomeroy's new paper, the New York Democrat, says of the public debt and expenditures:

Week in and week out, month after month, and year after year; through the busy hours of the day and the silent watches of the night; observing the sacred rest of no Christian Sabbath, relieved by the joyous welcome and jocund shouts of no social, religious, or national holiday; steady as the measured, unceasing, beating of the chronometer—

One thousand dollars a minute!

For three consecutive years, which have elapsed since the cessation of all armed hostilities between the States and sections of our country, have been wrung from the industry of our people to carry forward the chimeras of the humanitarian "party of great moral ideas!"

Only think of it!

One thousand dollars per minute!

No rest! No intermission!

It is truly appalling! And this only for current expenses and interest on the public debt!

Interest did we say! It does not pay the interest! The debt goes on increasing!

And such a debt! Its magnitude is almost beyond the power of human comprehension!

Why, if the angels who announced with praise and thanksgiving, the birth of the infant Saviour, had, on that joyous and glorious morn, commenced laying by ten dollars per minute, and had continued to do so down to the present hour, the whole accumulated sum would not pay the cost to which the Jacobin party has subjected the country by its monstrous efforts to lift four millions of Africans above the Caucasian race.

They justly suffer who impudently attempt to reverse the laws of the infinite! Why, the empty buckets, the vanishing waters, the receding boughs, the recoiling stone, and the consumed liver—monster horrors of ancient Hades—were nothing compared with the penalties which will be inflicted by a just Providence upon the wretches who have attempted to reverse the immutable laws that created the negro inferior and made him subordinate to the Caucasian race.

Where is the voice of science? Where are the teachings of history? Why have they been mute these years of folly, crime, and calamity?

The silence of those who should have borne testimony to the truth and the scorn and violence of those who have repressed it, have been alike criminal. The outraged future will judge and condemn all who have been engaged in this great conspiracy against white race supremacy. Groaning millions yet unborn will exonerate the money of those who have been instrumental in imposing upon them the intolerable burden which they are doomed to bear, if the present generation prove wanting in the wisdom and patriotism to relieve itself and save those which are to succeed it from this dire curse.

Rise up, men of America, and declare for deliverance! Cast off present evils, and avert future degradation! Strike down the destroyers of your prosperity and happiness! Hurl from power the assassins of liberty! Drive into disgrace the plunderers of the country! Depose the squanderers of your substance! Crush under your heels the vipers who have fastened their fangs upon the vitals of the republic, and are infusing their virus into the circulation of our whole political system, producing paralysis and death! Put down the enemies of your race, and restore the WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT OF WASHINGTON!

LOST HER SKIRT.—Rather a ludicrous accident happened to a lady passenger on one of the cars of the John street line, near Twelfth st., this morning about eight o'clock. She had just stepped from the car, but her ample train had not yet cleared the platform when the car started briskly forward. The tail of the dress caught in the cog-wheel of the break, and before the car could be checked she was compelled to execute a rapid backward movement for the distance of a few steps, when the fastenings of the skirt gave way. She was thrown down and in an instant stripped of her outward garment from the waist downward. Beyond the excitement consequent upon being left on the street in anything but a full dress costume, and the loss of the skirt, no harm was done. [Cincinnati Chronicle.]

SEVEN OLD TRUISMS.—There is great truth in the following seven mottoes, from which business men in this section might take a hint:

ADVERTISING  
Has created many a new business.  
Has enlarged many an old business.  
Has revived many a dull business.  
Has rescued many a lost business.  
Has saved many a failing business.  
Has preserved many a large business.  
And insures success in any business.

Commissioner Rollins has written to a resident of Lexington, Va., stating his want of authority to allow the applicant to distill fifteen or twenty gallons of apple brandy from his own orchard for his own use.

## Monomaniacal.

The Oneonta, New York, Independent says: Miss Mary Hurlburt, daughter of Elias Hurlburt, of Butternuts, was found dead in her bed on the morning of September 12. This was the eccentric, perhaps monomaniacal Miss Hurlburt, from whose person Dr. Sumner, then at Gilbertville, and now Rochester, extracted, about ten years since, an incredible number of needles and pins—more than three hundred in number. She would never give any account of the manner in which they were introduced; whether she swallowed them, or thrust them directly into her flesh; nor did her friends by watching her ever find out. They were found at different times, working out on the surface of almost every part of the body, but chiefly on the limbs. A lady who had refused to believe the stories about their removal, states that she went to satisfy herself, and saw Dr. Sumner extract nearly fifty from one arm. The girl seemed to be very little affected by the operation.

The unfortunate result of the elections on Tuesday the 13th, will have at least one good result. It will teach Forrest and a few others the necessity of keeping their mouths shut. "Shut your eyes and open your mouth," does very well for children, but does not work very well among men.

Henry Clay said, and we agree with him, that "it is better to be right than to be President." We prefer to be defeated in the right rather than to be victorious in the wrong; but it is not pleasant to think that we have been defeated by the intemperate, rash and foolish utterances of our friends.

Queen Isabella laid up something besides an umbrella for the rainy day which has finally come upon her. She made many safe investments in this country, and it is not long since her agent bought up the whole of the valuable Germantown water stock of Philadelphia.

## A Horrible Case.

The Columbia City Post, of the 30th ultimo, gives the details of a horrible transaction which has recently occurred in Whitley county, Indiana. A man by the name of David M. Long, of Smith township, in that county, married a negro wench for his third wife, and beat his daughter by a former marriage, a girl of sixteen years of age, until he compelled her to marry a buck negro. The facts are thus detailed:

A white man by the name of David M. Long, a Republican in good political standing with his party, and who has been a citizen of this place for many years, has been successful in gulping down the last plank in the black and tan platform.

This monster has been a widower twice. His former wives were respected by all who knew them. By these marriages he had five children—two boys and three girls—who too, are respected and esteemed.

The memory of the dead and the fair fame of the living have been blackened by this unnamed beast, by uniting himself to a negro wench in marriage.

Knowing that he could not procure a license in our county for such an alliance, he takes his muscle material with him to Michigan, where, by the laws of that State, the twin were made one flesh.

This little victory of Republican principles being won, he returned to his family, with her to whom his little ones must bow, and whom they must call by that most endearing name, mother.

Those children, who had often in their fond recollections for the loved in the grave, amid blinding tears, whispered that sweet name in their prayers, now are commanded to forget the treasures of the tomb. Before them stood the repulsive form of their father's wild choice. Her, to call mother! There was too much of forgetfulness toward the dead in this.

The little ones who had no one to whom they could look for protection but their father, whom they had never disobeyed in the least, now for the first time declined obedience, when, to obey, would be a sacrifice to their honor. To embrace her and call her mother, seemed to them more of the character of a punishment than a duty, and they refused, and for this refusal, the eldest daughter, sixteen years of age, was whipped and beaten by him who claimed to be her father, until she was literally covered with bruises. After being so cruelly beaten, she sought and found refuge with one of the neighbors. She was followed by her father, found and driven home, with the threat of taking her life, should she in the least disobey him.

He told her that unless she did return to the family within fifteen minutes, he would cut her heart out. She returned, but to meet a worse fate than death. During her absence arrangements had been made for her ruin, and one Pompey (colored) was awaiting her return with a conveyance to take her to Michigan, where they were, after their arrival, married.

Great excitement prevails among the people of Smith township, and threats of violent proceedings against this unnatural beast have been made.